

HUNTING DEER ON SKIS



We illustrate a sport that was in vogue in Norway a few years ago, when the reindeer was a good deal more common than it is now. The hunter, swooping down from the heights on skis, was able to outpace the deer, which, owing to its weight, sank in the snow-drifts, and so was impeded in its flight.

SAYS STATE WILL GO "DRY" BY BIG MAJORITY

Rev. J. D. McAllister Says Anti-Saloon Forces Have Things Their Own Way.

RICHMOND, VA., Nov. 19.—Rev. J. D. McAllister, secretary of the State Anti-saloon League, was shown today a statement which appeared in the Ledger-Dispatch of Norfolk yesterday, to the effect that that city would furnish 3,000 names to the 50,000 necessary to call for a State-wide prohibition election, and intimating that the petition would be presented at the next session of the general assembly.

The name of the speaker was not given, but he was declared to be one of the men high up in the councils of the State Anti-saloon League.

After Mr. McAllister had read the statement from Norfolk, in a hasty manner, he said, "That man talks like a Democrat."

Asked then regarding the conflicting reports concerning the attitude of the league, the position of the Methodist conference, and stories appearing in the newspapers, Mr. McAllister said, voicing what he thought to be the position of the league in the matter at this time:

"We are settled in our minds that it is the best thing for the people to vote on the question (State-wide prohibition) and not to have direct legislative enactment. To this end we want a submission act of some character."

Mr. McAllister then alluded to the annual convention of the Anti-saloon league in this city Jan. 18-20, and expressed his opinion as follows:

"I believe that the coming State Anti-saloon League convention will declare for State-wide prohibition and possibly leave it to the legislative committee of the league to work out the plan and to present it to the legislature."

Says State Will Vote "Dry."

Mr. McAllister was asked regarding his belief as to the outcome of a submission of the question of State-wide prohibition to the people of Virginia. He did not hesitate to declare what he thought would be the outcome, saying that the officers of the league had taken every precaution and thought they were safe in making their estimates of strength in the various counties and cities. He said that for the last sixty days four men connected with the league had been traveling over the State and the reports of their observation, after testing sentiment, were that there was no reason to doubt that the sentiment had been gauged accurately. Mr. McAllister said:

"At least 40,000 majority."

Methodists for Prohibition.

Mr. McAllister called attention to the resolutions of the Methodist conference last week in Newport News. The Virginia Methodists are unanimous for State-wide prohibition.

The Holston conference, which has control of the Methodist churches of the State west of Roanoke, adopted the following resolution Oct. 15:

"That we recommend a State-wide movement for the State of Virginia, in which the voice of the people of the whole State may be heard either in legislative enactment, or in direct expression at the ballot box, and that we call upon the Anti-saloon League of Virginia to lead the movement."

CRISIS IN HUNGARY.

Conditions More Threatening Than Before Adoption of Compromise in 1867.

The resignation of Mr. Kossuth from the leadership of the Hungarian independence party is ominous to Hungary and to the relations between that kingdom and the Austrian empire. When he was first received in friendly conference by the king, against whom his father had rebelled and who had sought to destroy that father as a traitor, it was hoped that the difference of the past had been irrevocably buried and that a new bond of concord and union had been established between the two realms. There is reason to believe that both the king and Mr. Kossuth desired that to be the case. But that welcomed dream has vanished in a rude awakening to a state of more intense, if not more open, hostility that has been known before since the adoption of Deak's compromise in 1867.

The present troubles began a little more than a month ago, when Mr. Kossuth again went to the king with what was practically an ultimatum. The Magyar demands which he made were three in number. One was the use of the Magyar language and flag in the Hungarian army, a demand which has for years been one of the most serious objects of contention in the dual realm. The second was the organization of a separate Hungarian banking system in place of the present joint system. The third was the immediate enactment of so-called universal suffrage law, which it was suspected by many, was calculated to confirm and perpetuate the political dominance of the Magyars in Hungary if these were granted, complete reconciliation between the Magyars and their king would be assured. If not, the independence movement in Hungary would be revived, and efforts would be directed toward dissolution of the dynastic union.

The result was that while the venerable king might have been inclined to grant the Hungarian demands, the heir presumptive, the Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand, set his face like a flint against them, and in doing so was backed by Count Aehrenthal, and so the negotiations failed.—New York Tribune.

World Demands Noble Purpose.

The world does not demand that you should be a great man, but that with a noble purpose, a high endeavor, and a useful end in view, you shall make yourself a master in your line.

WAS NOT GRATEFUL

REV. HENRY DISAPPOINTED IN COL. BULLION.

High Hopes Raised by Story He Had Read Were Rudely Dashed, Though He Had by No Means Been Forgotten.

The little country clergyman had just read that very charming anecdote now going the rounds of the press telling how Mr. John W. Gates, the other day, on meeting the minister who had married him 40 years ago, after greeting him warmly, said to him:

"When you married me I only gave you a five-dollar fee, but I'll make up for it now," and drawing out his check book he drew and presented to the astonished clergyman a draft for a thousand dollars.

The little country clergyman rubbed his eyes when he read this, and then he read it aloud to his wife.

"That is perfectly splendid," he said.

"It certainly is," replied the good lady. "By the way, Henry, didn't you tell me that it was you who married Josephine Hickenlooper to Col. Bullion of the Shingle trust?"

"Yes; it was 25 years ago. He paid me two dollars for tying the knot," returned the clergyman.

"Well, I should say," said the good lady, "that if these millionaires are going to make a habit of this thing it wouldn't be a bad idea for you to meet the colonel casually some day and remind him of it."

"Curious coincidence," said the little minister, "but do you know, Maria, I was thinking that very same thing myself."

"Well, Henry, dear, don't let any grass grow under your feet," said Maria. "If I were you I'd go to New York to-day, while this anecdote is fresh in the public mind, and sort of get in touch with Col. Bullion. Who knows but that he has just read it himself and is thinking of you at this very moment!"

Hence it was that the next morning found Rev. Henry lingering about the portals of the massive office building in which Col. Bullion attended to business, and sure enough along about eleven o'clock the impressive figure of the colonel was to be seen making its way through the crowded highway.

"Why, Bill, how are you?" said Rev. Henry, extending his hand, as Bullion entered the corridor.

"Morning," said the colonel, glowering at him darkly and trying to get by.

"You don't seem to remember me, Bill," said Rev. Henry. "Don't you remember that I married you to Josephine?"

"Remember you!" roared the colonel. "Remember you? I'd give \$10,000 if I could forget you. You are my most persistent nightmare. When I think of what I got for that two-dollar bill I gave you 35 years ago for tangleing me up for the rest of my natural life you ought to thank your stars I don't jump on your ding-basted neck. Get out of here!"

And Rev. Henry went back to his flock.—Harper's Weekly.

Prayer and Politics.

David H. Lane, the Republican leader of Philadelphia, was telling stories at a Republican banquet.

"And it's always a mistake," said Mr. Lane, "to mix politics and religion—politics and prayer."

"There was a preacher out Cinnaminson way who mixed politics and prayer to his cost. He prayed on the eve of a general election.

"Grant, O Lord, that the great reform party may all hang together."

"Amen!" cried a scoffer.

"Not, O Lord, resumed the preacher, 'in the sense in which that profane scoffer would have it understood; but let the party hang together in accord and concord.'"

"It's all one to me," the scoffer again interrupted, "what cord it is, so long as it's a good, strong one."

His Position.

"Yassah! Yassah! Hol on a minute, if yo' please, sah! Dese lemme tell yo' how 't is!" expostulated a colored citizen who was down on his back and being elaborately chastised by a larger and somewhat harder headed gentleman of his own race. "I'll pay yo' de money if yo' puts de argumint to me in dis manna. Yassah!—pay yo' de money right now, widout no mo' of dis beatin' and hommerin'; but I want it understood, sah, dat I isn't no ways 'thusiast' bout it. I bows to de indelible when I meet it, sah, but I keeps mah 'thusiast' to mubse!"—yassah, keeps it to mubse! to de bitter end!"—Puck.

Bumped By Buttons.

"I came pretty near getting killed the other day," said the flat dweller. "There are two buttons on one of my waists that I can't button to save my life. I generally ask some of the children on the stoop as I go out to button them, but that day I thought I'd have it done in the elevator. The elevator man was so gratified that I honored him in that way he forgot all about running the elevator. Let it go, buttoning my waist. Never thought of it again till it nearly bumped the life out of both of us in the cellar."

No Further Use for Him.

"You are discovered!" exclaimed the two detectives in the same breath. "All right," replied Bill the Burglar, as he calmly stepped out of the window into the free night air; "that much of it is settled. Now go ahead and hold your controversy."

DON'T STUDY NATIONAL AIRS

American Visitor in Great Britain Returns with His Feelings Perturbed.

"I wish," growled a man lately back from a tour of the British Isles, "that the British bandmasters would take a course of instruction in what constitutes the American national airs. Band concerts are the rage all over England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. During the summer season, probably as a compliment to the hordes of Americans who are flinging away gold for their benefit, they present daily what is generally dubbed 'American national airs.'"

"The majority of these bandmasters think 'Dixie' is the national air, because they sagely observe it is the only one which Americans applaud. The 'Star-Spangled Banner' is dismal and lugubrious enough under the best of circumstances, but to hear the Scotch bagpipes have a fling at it is indescribable misery. The man who wrote the 'Columbia' hymn would not know his own work as performed in King Edward's domain, and even the 'Kentucky Home' and other negro ballads get a touch between an Irish jig and a Scotch waltz which robs the American visitor of any pleasure which he might experience in hearing songs from home. It may be that British, Scotch and Irish guests on this side of the water get as much discomfort in hearing 'Annie Laurie.' I hope they do, for it would establish a sort of international musical balance."

PASSING OF PARLOR CARPET

Modern Methods of Living Turn to the Rug as the More Sanitary.

Modern methods of living are asserting themselves more and more every day. For some peculiar reason man always has assumed the prerogative of supplying what he considered the utilitarian portions of the home, and to woman has been delegated its ornamentation, but in the last few years ideas have been changing in this regard and women have become not only the largest buyers, but the finest judges of the necessities, as well as the luxuries of everyday existence.

Only a few years ago the height of womanly ambition in household decoration or idea was a Brussels carpet in the "best room," a floor covering that was often put over a cushion of straw and left to gather dampness, dust and germs, sometimes for years, in the unused parlor. Anyone who has been around at spring cleaning and caught a view of the dirt which has sifted through the carpet was certainly appalled at the sight. For many years this floor covering was considered the acme of elegance, and the woman in comfortable circumstances who would have had the temerity to substitute hardwood floors and rugs for the old-fashioned carpet would have been considered as decidedly eccentric and extravagant.

Haunted Alaskan Island.

To the south and west of Kodiak, distant about 100 miles, and forming one of the Semidi group, is the island of Chirikof, the haunted island of Alaska.

Enshrouded for a great portion of the time with almost impenetrable fog, the Tanna Tribune says, this lonely isle is an object of terror to the natives, who will not go near the island, saying it means certain death to invade the canny confines, and there are few men in the far north who have the temerity to test the truth of the many and weird tales told of this forbidding and barren island.

Shipmasters and sailors passing the place assert that the agonizing cries of Russian exiles sent there to starve or die of torture are sometimes heard on quiet nights, while the clink of chains and the sound of blows are testified to in an affidavit by a white man who once attempted to remain there for a week and who lost his reason.

Legend Proved True.

A curious legend surrounding a country estate in the Meon valley, Hampshire, which has been fulfilled with painful reality, has set the whole country-side talking. The story concerns the death at Corhampton house, Corhampton, of Mr. Campbell-Wyndham, J. P., who on the death of his mother on September 8, last year, succeeded to an estate around which a legend runs that a male heir will not live over 12 months after succession. Mr. Campbell-Wyndham was the first male heir for generations. In the last stage of his illness, Mr. Wyndham prophesied that he would die in bed 12 months to the day his mother passed away, and by a truly remarkable coincidence, he died a few minutes after midnight on that very day.—London Mail.

Extreme Politeness.

"Although he overcharged me terribly," says the returned traveler, "the cab driver who took me over Paris was most polite."

"All Frenchmen are," we observe. "Yes, but this one got off his box and helped me find the necessary profanity in my French-English dictionary, so that I might say what I thought of him."—Exchange.

Will Stick to Dad.

"Come indoors immediately!" called a nurse to a small boy whose father was going out. "You won't go to heaven if you're so naughty."

"I don't want to go to heaven," was the aggrieved reply. "I want to go with father!"—Brooklyn Citizen.

OFTEN THE CASE.

He told a hard-luck tale
To everyone who'd listen;
His voice would tremble so,
His eyes with tears would glisten.

He said: "I'm tricked by fate."
The neighbors wondered: "Is he?"
Because his little wife
"Most of the time was busy
And fed and clothed him, too,
And gave the children schooling.
The sweet domestic realm
With kindly patience ruling."

How oft we see a woman,
An angel 'most, who's willing
To spend her life in toil for
A man who's not worth killing!

COMFORTING.



Farmer—Yes, I want a boy. Can you jump well?
Boy—Jump? Yes, zurr.
Farmer—Could you jump a five-bar gate?
Boy—Um—Yes. I s'pose so, zurr.
Farmer—Well, I think you'll do, then. You see, some of our bulls are a trifle wild at times!

Hard Times.

The ultimate consumer
Bemoans his dreary fate;
There's nothing in his stomach
And nothing on his plate.

Wise Lad.

"You young scamp," shouted the angry farmer, "what are you doing in that pond?"

"Swimming," chuckled the lad with the sun-blistered neck.
"Wall, don't you see that sign, 'Keep out'?"

"Yes, and that's just what I'm doing, pop, keeping out in the middle."

Pleasing to George.

"George," whispered the gushing young bride, "when I send you that box of cigars by mail and put 20 stars for kisses on a slip of paper, what kind of mail will it be?"

"I don't know what Uncle Sam will call it," laughed George, as he packed his suit case, "but I'll call it first-class."

Better Still.

"The apartments are quite satisfactory," said the would-be-tenant. "I suppose it isn't necessary for me to give references, as I always pay as I go."

"That won't do in this case," rejoined the landlord. "I rent only to parties who pay as they come."

Not Her Fight.

"The average woman is a frivolous dunce."

"Many people have that opinion."

"The expression of it does not seem to make you angry."

"Why should it, I am not an average woman."

Sealed and Unsealed.

"Their love was sealed with a kiss."
"What broke the seal?"
"Another kiss."
"How was that?"
"She caught him kissing her best friend."

SLIGHT OMISSION.



Friend—Yes, I've looked your home-made auto over pretty thoroughly and it's fine. But, haven't you forgotten to put in the engine?

Raw Amateur—Great Scott! So I have, man! Say, it's lucky for me that you happened to notice it. Supposin' we'd gotten miles from home and discovered that we had no engine to get back with?

Works Both Ways.

"Think twice before you speak," is a good rule, and so is this:
"Sometimes 'tis well to think a time or two before you listen."

Discouraging.

"Goodheart is having a serious time with his humanitarian tenements."
"How's that?"
"He's giving the tenants bathtubs in \$6-a-month suites and now they want him to furnish the soap."

Not It.

"Have you a map of the stars?"
"We have a portrait of Lillian Russell."

A Mixed Plan.

"That was a raw deal."
"What was?"
"To cook up that plot."

Widows.

"Some widows will stop at nothing."
"Short of a man."

Quick Long Distance Service

Hampton, Norfolk and Portsmouth

When the local operator answers ask her for the number you want in Hampton, Norfolk or Portsmouth by saying "Hampton one-two-three," "Norfolk four-five-six," or whatever number you want, and hold the telephone to your ear until you get a reply. Charge will begin as soon as the telephone called for is answered.

If you wish to talk to a particular person, to have the charge reversed, or to make an appointment to talk at some later time, call LONG DISTANCE.

Rate to Hampton 10 cents, to Norfolk and Portsmouth 25 cents for three minutes, timing to begin as soon as the telephone called for is answered. Overtime 5 cents per minute.

The rate to Hampton applies only when a pay station is used. Calls from subscribers' telephones are the same as heretofore.

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Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Company of Virginia.



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REASON THIS OUT FOR YOURSELF: SUPPOSE YOU ARE PAYING \$20.00 A MONTH RENT; IN FIVE YEARS YOU PAY THE LANDLORD \$1,200. HAD YOU APPLIED THIS AMOUNT TO THE PURCHASE OF A HOUSE, YOU WOULD TODAY BE THE OWNER OF A NICE HOME INSTEAD OF THE RENT RECEIPTS YOU HOLD. IF YOU PAY A HIGHER RENT, YOUR HOME WOULD BE JUST SO MUCH NICER WITHOUT ANY ADDITIONAL EXPENDITURE. IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN OWNING YOUR OWN HOME, WE WOULD BE GLAD TO TALK THE MATTER OVER WITH YOU.

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